

MERCURY.

Vol. I. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1895. No. 8.

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The Peri and the Maiden.

[Adapted from the German of Jean Paul Richter.]

Once there lived a maiden named Ionea. Beautiful and true was Ionea and a Peri loved her.

The Peri are the wonderful beings who live in the blue ether where the sun shines always. Some people call them angels.

Now, one of the mightiest of these Peri, Gand'harva, which means the "Singer," loved Ionea. For Ionea was kind and gentle, she was obedient to the voice of conscience—that voice of the Ego within—she was brave to do the right, forgetful of self and ever seeking to help others; above all, she loved and reverenced all that was good and true. So the Peri, Gand'harva, loved Ionea and taught her many things and sang to her his sweetest songs, so that she was always happy and joyous.

Ionea loved the stars; oftentimes, she gazed at their twinkling eyes and wondered if they saw her, if they knew how much she wished to know their secret.

Now Gand'harva resolved to show Ionea the secrets of the stars. So, one evening he whispered to her, "Come with me and I will take you to the stars."

But when the maiden felt herself rising into the air, her heart grew sick with fear. "I dare not go; I am afraid."

Gand'harva sighed as he gently let her down to earth; but he knew that it was only the bodily self of Ionea that felt afraid of leaving the earth. He knew that her soul longed to fly from sun to sun. The Peri then thought that for a little while Ionea's soul should be freed from its heavy body and timid brain. So he be-

gan to sing a soft lullaby. Soon the maiden's eyes closed ; her arms fell listless ; the body of Ionea lay fast asleep.

Then Gand'harva sang loud and clear : "Ionea, sister soul, behold thou art free. Come, come. Tarry not here."

When Ionea's soul found herself outside of her body, freed from all weight and fear, she laughed in gladness.

"Why, that body is not Ionea at all, is it ?" she asked of Gand'harva.

"No, dear, that body *is not you*, though it is very useful to you ; but it is not *you*. Remember that."

"Oh! I feel so litesome and glad now that I am away from it—I'll never come back, never, need I ?"

Gand'harva smiled and looked into Ionea's eyes. Immediately, the maiden's soul knew that the body she had thought was herself was made up of thousands and thousands of little creatures ; and that these little things had to be taught—that they looked to her for this teaching. More than that, she saw that she had to change them in some way into bright, happy loving things. She understood all this quicker than you can say one. The Peri's smiling glance told her all.

Then Ionea sighed just a little, but she said bravely, yes, and cheerfully. "Poor body, I will come back and do all I can, for you—yes, I will—but now!" Away, away, over mountains, up through the air, they sped, the Peri and the soul of the maiden. The earth grew smaller and smaller ; till at last, it looked like a big, cloudy ball turning round and round in the clear ether.

They flew by the moon which lost all its beauty as they drew near. Ionea turned away shivering, from this cold, dead world, and directed her eyes towards Venus. How brightly it shone, like an immense globe of silver. Then Mercury dazzled her eyes with its sun-like radiance. But these globes were but reflectors. Here behold the Sun! Ionea quivered with wonder at the glory of it. The Peri smiled, and said, "Wait." On past the sun, on, on. The sun grows smaller, smaller ; at last it is merely a twinkling eye such as the stars she had seen from earth ; it was a very small one, too. A tiny star almost lost in the great space. "And that is the sun," thought Ionea. She turned away sighing. Other points of light now shone brighter and brighter. One of them stands out from the rest a globe of fire. Bigger and bigger it grows. They have reached it now, and Ionea pauses before the

glorious sight. A pair of suns ten times larger than the earth-sun turn round each other in stately motion; while beautiful worlds filled with happy people march in rhythmic order around each one. "Look to the right," said the Peri. Ionea turned and lo! other suns blazed before her. A garden of suns—red, green, blue, violet and gold. Each with its worlds. Here and there clouds of star dust fast forming into shining orbs. Now a flashing comet whirls past them into the garden of suns.

Ionea shouted in joy and delight, "End is there none to the Universe of God!" From far and near myriads of voices answer, "End is there none to the Universe of God!"

But the Peri does not stop there. On, on in dizzy flight climbing over groups of suns and constellations of suns. The Bears and the Great Dragon are left far behind. The orange fires of Arcturus "The Watcher" burst upon their view, then disappear in distance. Now they reach the beautiful Swan. They are in the Milky Way. Myriads of suns are before them, myriads of suns are behind them, above, below, on every side, suns, blazing suns, beautiful suns, each the center of worlds. The wonder of it, the greatness, weighed upon Ionea, only just freed from the tiny earth, and from the still tinier bodily Self. And Self grew afraid, Ionea trembled, and in tones hushed and faltering, she asked the Peri, "End is there none to the Universe of God?"

Again, from every sun and planet, from all their angels came the answer, "End is there none to the Universe of God."

"Let me return to earth," implored Ionea.

"Nay, wait," replied Gand'harva, smiling once again at the awe-struck soul.

Then Ionea knew that her fear came because she felt herself to be apart from all the Wonder. "Yes," said Gand'harva, "Lose thy little Self in the Wonder."

He smiled once again and the trembling soul took heart. On they sped once more through the starry depths. The Winged Horse, through the Water-Bearer, down to the Southern Cross with its universes of red, green, amber and blue, on, on, past the abyss of the Southern Pole. Ever, ever, the Wonder grew. "End there is none to the Universe of God."

The soul of Ionea lost her fear; she felt herself to be the suns, she glowed with their fires; she felt herself to be the worlds, she wept with their sorrows; she sang with their joys. A calm feel-

ing of great happiness thrilled her through and through. Gandharva said, "It is well." "Yes, it is well," sang Ionea, "for End there is none to the Universe of God."

The myriads of suns took up the song. It rang through the Milky Way ; it flashed from the sword of Orion ; it echoed from Pole to Pole. Angels and atoms exulting sang: "End there is none to the Universe of God."

Ionea awoke once again in her bodily self. Bravely, happily she took up her work of thinking loving thoughts, and doing kindly deeds. In joy, in sorrow, in darkness, in light, in praise and in blame she was always patient, and much-enduring, ever remembering that "End there is none to the Universe of God."

Marie A. Walsh.

Who *Seeks*, *Finds*.

Once upon a time there was a wise queen who reigned over a country so beautiful that she ought to have been perfectly happy. And she would have been but for one thing : the lords and ladies of her Court were always quarreling. All through the long, bright days they would come to the queen with ill-natured complaints of one another. In order to remedy this state of things she called a secret council of the wisest men of the kingdom. When they assembled before her, she told them her trouble. Then, one after another, they spoke; some advised severe punishments, and others suggested that the discontented courtiers be sent away, and new lords and ladies appointed in their places.

At last the eldest was called. He was bent nearly double with age. He walked with a staff, and his white beard almost swept the ground. He said, "Oh Queen ! Thy lords and ladies are like naughty children. They quarrel through envy and because they try to find one another's blemishes. If thou, Queen, canst teach them by some parable how ignoble such feelings are, they will be ashamed, and repent.

The queen dismissed her wise men, and then called her seneschal, and bade him summon all the lords and ladies, and she also directed him to see that there should be two pages waiting in the anteroom. When all were assembled, the queen arose and said: "I am about to send forth two pages on a quest so full of interest that I wish you all to witness their departure and their return."

Then she said to the seneschal, "Summon the first page!" The page entered and knelt before the queen, who said to him: "I wish you to mount a trusty steed, and, keeping always to the right, to go entirely around the kingdom, visiting its gardens and plucking here and there the sweetest flowers. Then hasten back to me."

The page bowed and left the queen's presence. After a moment they heard the clattering of his horse's hoofs on the pavement without. When these sounds had died away, the queen commanded: "Summon the other page." When he had knelt before her, the queen said: "I wish you to take a trusty steed, and, following the roads to the left, to go around the kingdom, visiting its gardens, plucking here and there the bitterest, most harmful of the weeds; and then hasten to return with them to me." The lords and ladies exchanged puzzled glances, as this page, also, departed. But the queen, without explanations, gave orders that a watch should be set in the palace tower, and directed that word should be brought to her whenever either of the two pages was to be seen returning from his quest. Then she dismissed the lords and ladies.

Several days passed, and then the seneschal came one morning to tell the queen that both pages could be seen in the distance, approaching the palace from different directions. The queen bade him call all the lords and ladies, and admit the pages separately. Just as the courtiers were assembled, the first page entered. His arms were full of flowers that filled the whole palace with the sweetest perfumes. Some of them had withered, but all were yet fragrant. As he laid them at the queen's feet, she asked: "Well, what did you find on your journey 'round the kingdom?" Smilingly he answered, "Oh, Queen, I found a kingdom filled with flowers! Not only were the gardens all abloom, but even the hedge-rows, fields and forests. And, as I looked beyond the boundaries of the kingdom, I saw flowers beyond—I have ridden through a world of flowers!"

"Were there no weeds?" asked the queen.

"Your Majesty, I do not remember any. There may have been, but I saw them not." Then the queen rewarded the page with a purse of gold, and dismissed him. When he had gone, she told the seneschal to put all the flowers out of sight, and then to admit the other page. He came in, his arms filled with rank and poisonous weeds—some so full of acrid juices that he wore

thick leather gauntlets to protect his hands from them. As he laid them at the queen's feet, she asked, "Well, what did you find on your quest?"

"Your Majesty, I found a kingdom overrun with weeds. Not only were the hedge-rows, fields and forests full of them, but even the gardens also. And beyond the boundaries of the kingdom I saw weeds, weeds, weeds!—the world must be full of them. I noted them even inside the gate, as I returned."

"What!" said the queen, "did you find *no* flowers?"

"There may have been flowers, your Majesty; indeed, there *must* have been; but as I looked only for weeds, I saw only weeds."

The queen rewarded and dismissed the second page. Then she lifted her eyes and looked around her at the lords and ladies. All were abashed, and could not return the gaze of the good queen. Some of the gentler ladies were trying to conceal tears of penitence. The queen had thought to speak words of loving reproof to them; but she saw no words were needed. The courtiers had learned their lesson.

They gathered around her, and one of the ladies-in-waiting said: "Dear Queen, forgive us, and we will no longer sadden your loving heart by seeking only weeds. We will bring you flowers, and trouble you no more with the weeds."

Then the queen was very glad, and they were all happy ever after.

—*Judith Ray, in St. Nicholas.*

Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no Divine Revelation, but the Spirit heareth within. Do not think I tell you that which you know not; for except you know it, it cannot be given you. To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

—*Hermetic Philosophy.*

This day we have a father who from his ancient place rises, hard holding his course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. If it be well, we shall meet and the light of Thy face make mine glad. Thus much I make prayer to Thee; go Thou on Thy way.

—*Zuni Prayer.*

From henceforth, put away evil and do good.

—*Jataka, 6.*

The Rainbow Ladder.

A CONVERSATION IN THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Question.—How do we get the spectrum on the wall?

Answer.—By means of the light shining into the glass.

Q.—Do we get it in any other way?

A.—Yes, a water-drop shows it, and we also see it in a soap-bubble.

Q.—Can we see it in a cloudy day?

A.—No, it must be a sunshiny-day.

Q.—Then of what is the spectrum a picture?

A.—The solar spectrum is the picture of the sunlight.

Q.—Of what is it the symbol?

A.—It is the symbol of Life.

Q.—Does life come from the sun?

A.—Our earth could not exist without the sun, but life is in the dark as well as in the light, so life is more than sunlight.

Q.—Of what is sunlight the symbol then?

A.—Sunlight is the symbol of life.

Q.—Of what is the sun the symbol?

A.—The sun must be the symbol of a Real Sun which is Life.

Q.—Do we see this Real Sun?

A.—We feel it because we know that we are alive.

Q.—But may we not die?

A.—The sunlight does not die because the leaves fall from the trees nor because the flowers fade; as the Real Sun has its symbol in the sunlight, it is the sunlight that pictures our life, and not the leaves that fall and the flowers that die which show it to us.

Q.—Will you tell us more about it?

A.—Yes, next time when you have told me more about it.

Remember—I'm always the Promise of Life in the living, that never—that never can die.

[To be Concluded.]

Now therefore' it behooves me to examine into my faults; and if I find anything wrong in me, to put it away and practice virtue only.

—*Jataka. 151.*

The Aura That Surrounds You.

The aura that surrounds you, fill with kindly actions,
 Fill with thoughts of goodness through each hour and day,
 Think not things of evil, they'll react upon you,
 When they come unto you, turn from them away.

Everything you're thinking fills this aura round you,
 Peoples it with beings ; thoughts are always things!
 To that which is purest you should reach out only ;
 Thought, refined and holy, sweet influence brings.

Like a golden halo, like a rainbow smiling,
 Then will be your aura, outward you will throw
 Rays of love and gladness, purity and sweetness,
 Helping others onward everywhere you go.

P. MAURICE McMAHON.

A Sunny Day.

All day the merry sun hath dropped,
 His golden sunbeams down ;
 All day that radiant light hath wrapped,
 Hill, valley, grove and town.

Down, down they come, those merry drops,
 Those beams of dazzling glory ;
 What more should he that wishes want
 Than light that tells a story.

Love is the tale the sunshine tells
 Of beauty, joy and gladness ;
 No more we sing of the rainy days
 All dripping down with sadness.

Keep this sunshine in your hearts,
 And clouds will pass unheeded ;
 If each one strives to do his part,
 'Twill bring the sunshine needed.

—*Children's Hour, Oakland.*

MABEL CLAYTON.

Hear ye this moral maxim ; and having heard it keep it well :
 Whatsoever is displeasing to yourselves never do to another.

—*Bstan-hgyur.*

Bluebeard.

There was once a very cruel king named Bluebeard who was called by that name because of a large beard of a blue color which was so enormous that it swept the ground, and covered his body all over so that nothing of him could be seen except his eyes and nose and the top of his head on which he wore a very broad-brimmed hat, and his eyes were so bright and fierce that he was very terrible to look at, and frightened everybody who saw him. If you have a telescope you can see him at night in the sky. He is the planet Saturn, and his broad-brimmed hat is the ring which surrounds him, his beard is a train of cosmic dust which trails after him. Our Norse ancestors called him Odin, and he was the king of the Aesir or gods who sat on twelve thrones round him. He sat on a high throne in the center, with his broad-brimmed hat on his head.

One day a poor man who had two pretty daughters came to Bluebeard and offered him one of them to be his wife, so Bluebeard married her, and she was very happy for a time, but Bluebeard went away on a journey and gave her a key of a room telling her that she was not to look in that room; but when he had gone she opened the door and peeped in, and the sight frightened her so much that she dropped the key in a pool of blood which was inside the door. All round the room were the bodies of the former wives of Bluebeard and she knew that he meant to kill her and hang her body up in the row. Well, she shut the door, but the blood would not wash off the key, and when Bluebeard came back he saw it and knew she had looked into the room. Then he drew his sword to kill her, but her brother Kassim rode up to the door on his horse and came behind and cut off Bluebeard's head, so her life was saved.

Now Bluebeard is the Ego who has many personalities, who have lived before in this world and these personalities are ranged around the Ego, like the bodies of the wives of Bluebeard or like the gods on the twelve thrones around Odin or the knights in the hall around the table of King Arthur of Britain, and the person who is now yourself is one of them; but when you take the magic key of occult lore and unlock the door which hides the great mysteries of life you will remember your previous lives, and find your-

self again in the astral world living over again the most exciting periods of your existence and meeting people whom you have loved in the days of long ago, and sometimes meeting them again in this real life.

Now all this is very startling and will frighten you very much at first; but if you are good and obey your parents now you are young, you will grow up to be good and brave men and women, and no harm will come to you. This is what is meant by Kassim the brother who saves the life of Bluebeard's wife. The Turks call him Kismet or destiny, and we call him Karma, which means somewhat the same. But there is good Karma and bad Karma, and Kassim means the good kind. If you are naughty and do not obey your parents the other brother, who is bad Karma, will come instead of the good one, and he will help Bluebeard kill you. Then if you peep into the room in which secrets of wisdom are kept, you will suffer more pain than you can imagine and perhaps go mad or die a most horrible death.

So you see it is only the good people who can be trusted with the great secrets of life, and when people are very good indeed, and never quarrel with anybody, they can be trusted with very great secrets, and can perform the most wonderful things, such as curing sick people. I know you would like very much to cure your mother or sister when they are sick by touching them with your hands ; well then, be very good children and I may sometime tell you how to do it. If Bluebeard's wife had been very good and had not looked into the room until he gave her permission, he would have shown her that and many other rooms too, very beautiful and wonderful and sometime I will take all the very good children to his castle and show them everything. I have been in all the rooms myself and can tell you that they are very beautiful. This castle is up in Wonderland, about a mile from the castle of the Giant who was killed by Jack, and we must climb up the same bean-stalk which Jack sowed. I will tell you about this some other time.

E. Webster.

Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the Godhead who illuminates, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke : may he direct our understanding aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

—*Gayatri.*

Who Sees?

An Indian travelling over the prairie suddenly stopped to examine a blade of grass. It was bent in a certain direction, showing that a foot had trodden upon it. Closer inspection showed the kind of moccasin that the foot had worn, and the Indian rose from his study with a satisfied smile on his face. He saw that his enemy had passed; he saw the direction in which he was going, and how long it had been since he left that print upon the blade of grass. He can overtake him in a few hours! The Indian is glad.

Soon after this a botanist passed over the trail. This blade of grass was unlike that which was growing around it, and so it attracted his attention. He saw that it belonged to a species, found nowhere in its native state except in one of the West India Islands. He saw that the seed had been dropped by some traveller, and he was glad that it was growing.

After the botanist came a hungry ox, who, seeing the green clump, hastened to get it, and soon had devoured it.

Who saw the blade of grass? The Indian sees a moccasin trail in a broken blade of grass, where you and I would see nothing. The botanist sees the leaf in its classification, genera, species, etc. The visible speaks to him of the invisible of law—it is the word, the message-bearer, but not the message. To the ox it is the message. He assimilates it to bone and muscle. The Indian makes it the guide in the pursuit of his enemy: he assimilates it to strategy. The botanist makes it a fact in discovery: he assimilates it to use. The man of spiritual understanding sees no moccasin track, no dinner; he sees the handwriting of God; he assimilates it to prayer.

The ox sees his dinner; the Indian sees his enemy; the botanist sees a law; and the discerning eye sees the divinity—greater than the law.

The ox must outgrow his ignorance; the savage, ignore his hate; and the scientist see in the law of form the index-finger of the substance of spirit. He must assimilate his knowledge to wisdom. Assimilate means “to make like.” The Indian sees in the blade of grass that which is in himself; the ox does the same. The man proves his divine nature in his capacity to see divine things; and the ability to assimilate to the invisible of truth that which appears

to visible sight measures our vision.

Hearing has the same significance. Sounds which produce ecstasy in the savage, torture the ear of the trained musician. The ear that through it all catches the music of silence, hears the voice of God, is the only one that does hear. True touch reveals itself in the aspirations of the soul towards Truth. It is the Prodigal moved to go to his Father's house. The touch of Jesus was healing; Virtue went out of him; the Good or God in him touched the like quality that reached to him; he bore with him the spiritual touch, that, seeing God, assimilates all things in the visible world to the Power of that likeness. This sight expresses itself in the love that has no selfishness, and in the Truth that seeks no limitation.

Lydia Bell.

A boy went to school. He was very little. All that he knew was drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: "Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing; Thou shalt not steal."

So the man did not kill, but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when he was gray, when the night was come) his teacher (who was God) said "Thou hast learned not to kill; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: "Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not cheat." So the man did no hurt to any living thing; but he stole and he cheated. And, at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come,) his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned to be merciful; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

Again on the morrow, he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class yet a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: "Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not cheat; Thou shalt not covet." So the man did not steal, but he cheated and he coveted. And, at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come,) his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned not to steal; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back, my child, to-morrow."

This is what I have read in the faces of men and women ; in the book of the world ; and in the scroll of the heavens which is writ with stars.

—*Berry Benson, in the May Century.*

Puzzle Department.

[Send answers to Puzzle Department, MERCURY, Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.]

23. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a word of 12 letters :

My 2-8-5-4 is a fruit.

My 12-5-4 is a sticky substance.

My 11-8-12 is a trap.

My 5-6-4, is the atmosphere.

My 3-1-6-4 is a couple.

My 7-8-5 is a division of water.

My 7-8-10 is to behold.

24. ACROSTIC.

1. The reverse of short.	4. An animal.
2. A shell-fish.	5. A bird.
3. A girl's name.	6. A negative.

My initials read downwards form the name of a well-known city.

25. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Three boys, Harry, Charlie and Frank, went for a walk in the woods: Harry carried 3 apples in his pocket, in case he should get hungry on the way. Charlie took four, and Frank, who had a good appetite, carried five. In their walk they met Stanley Fish, who had no lunch at all, but who offered to pay the boys if they would give him some of theirs. So they all shared alike, and Stanley paid twelve cents for his lunch. How much of this payment was each of the boys entitled to?

26. DEPARTING VOWELS.

A left a brutal fellow, and then only the most excellent was seen.

E was banished from a Thanksgiving dinner, and there was only a period of abstinence from food.

I was in distress, but departed, when the mythical god of shepherds among the ancient Greeks appeared.

O was found in something we had at dinner, and upon being released, left only a small mouthful behind.

U, which stood in the passage, was pushed aside, bringing to the poet's sight a lifeless body.

The Children's Corner.

[This column will be devoted to questions and answers from children on Theosophical Subjects, which answers will be published with the initials of the sender.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

32. Q.—What is Karma?

A.—Karma is a simple law of nature, and it means that for every act we perform, every thought we think, every word we speak, certain effects will result, and that these effects will react upon the person who set in motion the cause which produced them. Therefore, it is called the law of cause and effect ; or, of action and reaction. It means justice. C.

33. Q.—What is Life and what is death?

A.—Life is the activity of the soul on the material plane, where it gains experience necessary for its evolution. Death is when the soul leaves its earthly body ; when it enters a higher plane of consciousness. S. D.

34. Q.—What is the meaning of the seven stars around the head of the picture of Mercury in last number?

A.—The stars around the head of Mercury are the seven names of Keter, the spheres of the Creative Purpose which are represented by a crown on the head of the Divine Man of the Kabala. Keter is the first of the ten Sephiroth from which proceed the other nine.

Mercury is the Creative Purpose of God, His messenger, the only manifestation of Him which our minds can grasp.

For we cannot see God but only this Purpose as manifested in His works ; hence Mercury was the greatest Imitator who unfolds the wonders of Creation to the mind.

He was threefold in his aspect, corresponding to the three worlds. Hermes Tresmegistus being the highest ; they are the Material, Astral and Psychic, the fourth, Keter, being the Spiritual, not a part of Mercury but floating above his head as a crown of stars.

Astronomically the seven stars are the Great Bear, or Charles' Wain which you see any night near the North Pole. There is a legend that we came from this group of stars. They were once called Arthur's Wain from the king of Britain of that name, but long before his time, Athor the goddess of Egypt rode in this wain or wagon. The two names are the same and mean the Great Mother of All, who is a mystery.

E. W.

35. Q.—What is the cause of pain?

A.—Pain is the result of broken law. Nature lays down certain laws or rules which we must follow. When we go against those laws, we produce discord or inharmony, and are no longer workers with nature. Pain is that reminder which nature provides to show us that the law is broken ; and we should always listen to that reminder, and be glad that it comes to us ; for without it we might fall into danger.

36. Q.—What is Divine Wisdom?

A.—Godlike wisdom ; or wisdom conveyed to mankind by the divine or godlike Beings who taught humanity ages ago. It is also, when applied to us, the wisdom which belongs to our higher, inner natures, and which we will better understand when we come to live in that higher, inner Self.

37. Q.—Who were the founders of the Theosophical Society?

A.—Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Col. H. S. Olcott and William Q. Judge, who were guided in their work by Masters, who were the real Founders.

V. H.

The following questions have been received from children of the different Lotus Circles :

38. Do thoughts create forms, and if so, where do those forms remain?

39. What is Theosophy doing for the world?

40. If people are not sensitive, do they feel the thoughts of others as much as sensitive people do?

41. What is imagination, and what are its elements if it has any?

42. What effect have thoughts on others, and how do they effect them?

43. Does a single good thought have much effect in the universe?

Wise Sayings.

Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma, nor at Nature's changeless laws. But struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent, and the perishable.

—*Voice of the Silence.*

There is in all created beings an inconceivable light by which all good acts are performed, and in it as in an immortal essence is comprised whatever has been past, is present, or will be hereafter.

—*Hindu Wisdom.*

Now that light which shines above this heaven, higher than all, higher than everything, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man. All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on this world as beginning, ending and breathing in Brahman.

—*Chandogya Upanishad.*

Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no aftertime can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

—*Sidney Smith.*

Meetings and Classes.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Children's Hour, or Lotus Circle, meets every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building. All children are invited.

The H. P. B. Training Class meets every Friday evening at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.

Free public lectures are given every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., at Red Men's Hall, 320 Post St. Strangers and inquirers earnestly invited.

OAKLAND, CAL.

“The Children's Hour” meets every Sunday at Hamilton Hall, corner 13th and Jefferson Streets, at 2 P. M.

Free public lectures on Theosophical subjects every Sunday at 8 P. M., at Hamilton Hall, corner 13th and Jefferson Streets.